

Good Morning ^{s104}

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

TWO YEARS OLD

20 MAR. 1945

With this number, "Good Morning" completes two years of continuous publication, seven days a week, and in our present holiday mood we wouldn't be above blowing our own trumpet — just one loud blast, and be hanged to modesty. But, instead — and how much better! — it has been blown for us, louder than we'd have dared and more musically than we'd know how. "Good Morning" is proud to print this personal message from Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., Admiral (Submarines).

WHEN, some two years ago, Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, then Admiral (Submarines), wrote a message for publication in the first issue of "Good Morning," he said he was confident that the paper "would be read with the greatest interest and pleasure in our submarines at sea and aboard submarine depot ships." That opinion has been abundantly justified. "Good Morning" very quickly made its mark, and it is now an established and highly popular institution wherever His Majesty's submarines operate, from the Far North to the Far East. And the farther away from their homes the fortunes of war take our submarine ships' companies, the more "Good Morning" is appreciated.

Those well-wishers in Fleet Street who are responsible for this novel publication may be assured that they have earned the gratitude of all who sail in our submarines.

Letters from submarine personnel leave no doubt of the intimate and important part that "Good Morning" plays in the daily life of our submarines. One officer wrote recently: "We always have our 'Good Morning' at breakfast, and believe me we spend a good few minutes of the dawn watch wishing for diving time when we can settle down to read in the warm." Another submarine sailor said that "Good Morning" has become "such an integral part of life on patrol that it is difficult to imagine how we got on without it."

But those who are responsible for "Good Morning" have done more than supply submarine crews with bright reading and news and pictures from home, day in, day out, for two years. They have provided an intimate link between submarine sailors and their families. The family pictures are appreciated as much by the "folks at home" as by the men themselves. "I am sure," wrote the father of a submarine rating recently, "that if my son is as thrilled as we at home are when he sees the family picture, he will want to torpedo all the ships in the Japanese Navy, he will feel that excited."

In addition to providing "Good Morning" itself—and I imagine it is a considerable undertaking to produce a daily paper seven days a week—the donors of "Good Morning" have been the means of supplying submarines with an abundance of comforts and recreational facilities, including 115 new bicycles, specially made for operational flotilla bases, radio sets, portable gramophones and records, playing cards and innumerable other games, and, of course the Good Evening Club for the Third Flotilla.

So I welcome this opportunity of expressing the very grateful appreciation of the Submarine Branch of the continuing kindness of those who provide "Good Morning" and all that goes with it.



REAR-ADMIRAL G. E. CREASY has been Admiral (Submarines) since September of last year, when he relieved Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O., who relinquished the command because of ill health. As head of the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy, Rear-Admiral Creasy is responsible for submarine affairs,

operational, training, administrative and supply. Promoted Rear-Admiral in 1943, he was appointed Chief of Staff to the Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief, Expeditionary Force, and was responsible to Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay for the planning and execution of the Naval side of the Allied landings in France.

REAR ADMIRAL

"Good Morning" has Two Years (like a donkey)



IN our last birthday number we said we hoped it would be the last. But now we can "Good Morning" have given up wondering about these things. V1s, V2s, C.P.O.s and E.R.A.s arrive on Fetter Lane with deafening explosions, and we find that "Good Morning" can take it. This is only fair, as submariners have to take "Good Morning."

There are, though, many things about the past year that have made the staff here very happy. We have found out far more about your likes and dislikes. The boring bits in the paper are less boring, the pin-up girls more like a target for to-night, and our relations with submariners and their families have been closer and happier every month. J. M. Barrie once wrote a play about "The Island that Likes to be Visited." Well, "Good Morning" is "The Paper that Likes to be Visited"—and it often is. Never be shy of asking us to do things for you. We like it, and we are in London and you aren't. Never be shy of coming to see us. We always try to keep one member at least of the staff with his liver intact enough to repel boarding parties. You may have kidnapped us, left us for dead, performed strip-tease operations

on us, or stunned the Great White Chief of our excellent Printers, yet we can take it—and, curiously enough, still want to see you. We are afraid of none of you, except of the Rev. Martin Bulstrode—that notorious bicycle thief and card-sharpers' wholesaler.

A lot of this issue is talking about ourselves. We're entitled to do some Crimson Rambling of this sort once a year, and, anyway, it's too late, by the time you read this, to prevent it. But, seriously, we thought you might like to have some idea of who does what. We thought you'd like to know how a paper is produced. We often wish we knew ourselves. It's your paper, so you may as well take a look round your property.

We all hope, once again, that you wish us good fortune and no more birthdays. It will be a happy day when "Good Morning" says "Good-night" to you and this whole Brock's Benefit is over.

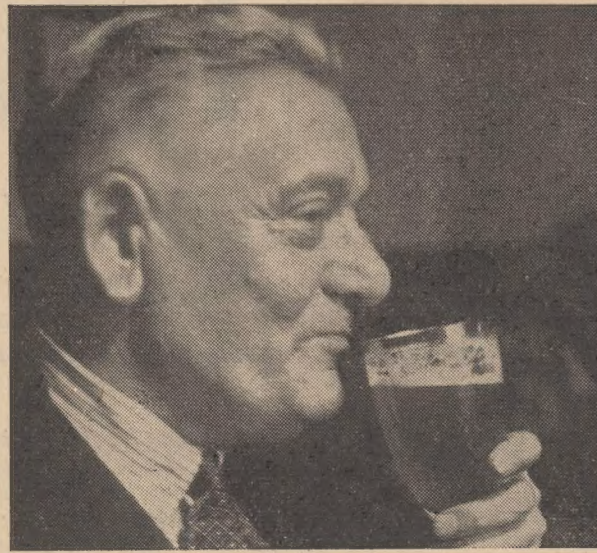
In the meantime, to cheer you up, there's always the story of the old soldier in the Hundred Years War, who met the new recruit and said, "Never mind, chum. The first thirty years are the worst."

THE EDITOR

Now's the time to fire both barrels for . . . THE GANG'S ALL HERE



When conscious, he answers readily to any of these names: Foreman, Chargehand, Overseer, Shop Steward, Acting-Editor, Inactive-Editor, James Newcombe, Whatsyours. His job is to put the paper to bed—trouble is, to prevent him creeping in beside it!



Wally Mann is the boss-man at Samuel Stephen, the people who print "Good Morning." Here you see him drinking a birthday toast to everyone in Submarines. "Wish they could all be with me," says Wally.



GETTER-AROUNDER AT HOME.

And now for a shy and comparatively unknown member of the staff.

His name is—is (where's that piece of paper?) Ah! yes, his name is Ron Richards, alias Dick. Ever heard of him, Forth? Convey anything to you, Blockhouse? Like the bus conductor, legs mean nothing to Dick, which he proves by turning his back on a wall papered with pin-ups. On the right is the Crazy (Camera) Gang—Harry How (with tripod), George Greenwell with pipe, and Mac. Incidentally, that's a "galley" Mac is holding, not what you thought!



Here are the two most important members of the staff. Every Submariner who has risked his neck climbing the stairs to our palatial offices will certainly remember Muriel (or Miss Rose, if you want to annoy her) and Johnny (or Mr. Kennedy for short). Muriel remembers the things that the rest of the staff forgets, and Johnny forgets everything except the times to make the tea.



F. W. Reed covers the North-East for "Good Morning." He says, "Get this, fellows. Whatever you ask, and it can possibly be done, me and my little 'thing-me-jig' with the glass eye will bring it to you."



"I hope my work has helped to bring home-news and some happiness to Submariners," says Arthur Greated, G.M.'s Birmingham correspondent. "Good Evening, I'm from Good Morning."



Ernie Phillips has worked in double harness with Jack Sheppard covering the waterfront from Pompey to Portland, ever since "Good Morning" first said "Good Morning!"



This seems to be a mystery face. Nobody on the paper seemed to know who it belonged to. The Editor couldn't recall anybody asking him for permission to discontinue shaving. Finally a doorkeeper (it was at the back door) recognised it as Frank Martin. It appears he writes the captions under the pictures—or something.



ART CORNER

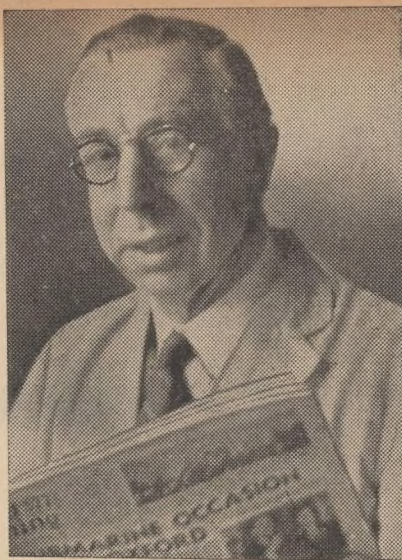
When we asked Jack Greenall to send along his photo for this page, he replied that if anyone was going to libel him he would do it himself! The gangster on the right is Buck Monk (alias Jack Ryan, alias Mr. Zola). He sent this message, to all Submariners who remember Richmond nights: "I'll be Sheen You."





This is the room where the real work is done. These are the good friends who set the stories and articles up in type. On the right is "Pat" Ireland, overseer of the Composing Room. He it is who has the headaches when Ron Richards is late with his "copy" after attending a submariner's wedding or welcoming a boat home. Seems a bit unfair to us — but Pat never "drips." "Good Morning" comes out seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year," says Pat, "and as long as I'm here, and as long as chaps need the paper, that's the way it's going to be."

One word about Fred Adams, the proof-reader. He's the guy who has to read "Good Morning"—every blinking word of it!



Every newspaper — especially "Good Morning"—needs a man at the top who can sign cheques. We're fortunate indeed to have Mr. F. H. Onslow for General Manager: for not only does he sign cheques very neatly, but the bank accepts them.



Bill Millier gives the Guv'nor a searching look during a sporting argy-bargy at The Sign of the Jolly Roger. Whether it's the "gees," the Dogs, the Speedway or Boxing, that's under discussion, Bill knows his oats, his Spratts, his cinders and his mitts.



Derek Hebenton is following in Father Richards' footsteps. He's not been long at it, but he's already "got around" to some purpose. He's one of the guys who calls on your families and sends you all the news from home.



Pat Lea runs the filing system. And believe us, it works. On the only occasion we opened the cabinet we found the lipstick under "L," the compact under "C," and the shoe-cleaning outfit under "S." Nervous of what we might find under "K," we crept away.



Tommy Grant buys the pictures. He confessed to us that he is continually haunted by a disreputable character who sidles up to him and hisses in his ear: "You buy, feelthy picture, mister? Hot and steamy — very submarine-y."



And this is Phil's side-kick, Jack Sheppard. "Phil carries the little black box with the dickiebird," says Jack, "while I trail around with the old typewriter. Here's wishing you soon come back to the best base of all — Home."



"This is a case of the biter bit," says Dick Heanly, West Country correspondent, "for after interviewing dozens of your families, I'm interviewed myself! I wish you all 'Many Happy Returns'—to your families."



George Dymond, who covers Wales, says, naturally enough we suppose, "Cymru Am Byth." He also says "Good Hunting to the men who go down in submarines—wherever they are."



Two of the best dressed men of "Good Morning" are Reg. Lewis (with the homberg and greatcoat) and R. Cock, of Plymouth, who cover Devon and Cornwall for your paper. Reg. believes that "one picture is worth a thousand words in any language," so, if you want some photographs taken, let him know.



E. J. Didymus, Portsmouth correspondent, sends greetings from the premier naval port of the Empire to the men of the Submarines. "As each new day dawns, so may 'Good Morning' greet you."



Taig Farrell, known in these parts as (Jack) Trader Horn, says: "Saludos Amigos." He is apt to say unexpected things like this. It comes, we believe, from covering so many South American wars.



Horace Grant, who works East Anglia, says: "This job of work has really been a pleasure. The only time I went below in a submarine—a German—the chap following trod on my fingers."



Last—but not least—comes Reg "Fuse" Wilson. He is the boy who took the majority of the pictures on this page. The results you can judge for yourself. What you don't know, is that "Fuse's" little exploit wrecked 29 bulbs and eight fuses and cast the whole of Fleet Street into darkness for three hours!

"WOODY"
"The face that launched a thousand sips"—it belongs, as every Submariner who has visited our branch office at No. 10 Fetter Lane knows, to Alf Wood, the lad who tries manfully to take the pin out of pin-up. As the Duke of Newcombe said at Bakerloo: "He's not shot till you see the whites of his eyes."

Good Morning CALLING ALL SEA- CATS



OF course, we had long known that there were rats and mice disporting themselves at night in the "Good Morning" offices. There were too many signs to leave any room for doubt.

Certain familiar bottles in the Editor's cupboard had been found with the corks nibbled; and as every member of the staff naturally carries his own borkscrew, we were clearly exonerated.

But the trouble really came to a head when we received a telegram from a certain depot ship, which read starkly:—

TRICK CYCLES ARRIVED STOP MEN PRACTISING HARD STOP INFORM YOU WHEN READY TO STAGE ACT.

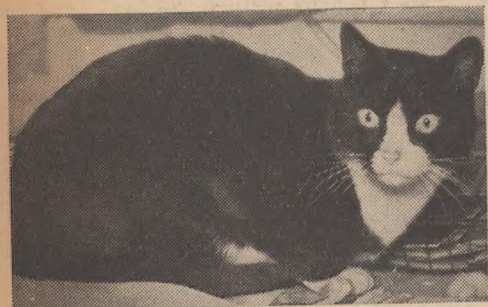
Quick as a flash, the Editor realised the message was in code, and told us to get busy and crack it. By four in the afternoon everybody was exhausted. And then Johnny had his moment.

"It's not a code," he announced, avoiding the Editor's eye by stepping smartly behind Alf Wood, "it just means what it says. Why, you mugs," he went on, warming to his subject, "it obviously refers to the last consignment of bicycles sent off."

The Editor swallowed hard for a moment, and then, heroically ignoring that word "obviously," he told Johnny where to go to.

To our astonishment, it was to the depot ship that Johnny had to go, and report back—immediately.

Within a week, Johnny was back in the office, trying to persuade somebody to sign his expense sheet.



The story he told was unbelievable, as you will agree when you hear it.

The bicycles had arrived—indubitably. Twelve of them. Johnny had sorted them with his own hands.

One had a saddle but no tyres. Seven had no tyres, no saddles, and no pedals. One had two wheels but no spokes. All were the type of machine that any tramp cyclist working the music-halls would have given his ears to possess.

What had done it?

"Mice," said Johnny, who never remembers the demands of accuracy when a gag beckons. In fact, of course, it was rats.

And then into the conference, all unconcerned, strolled Sampson.

"Suffering cats!" said Johnny, exaggerating again.

"Mi-auw," said Sampson imperturbably.

"This office needs a cat," said Johnny, lightly and easily assuming the prerogative of chairman.

And that's how Sampson came to join the staff of "Good Morning" at a salary of two saucers of milk a day and one cod's head on Fridays.

There only needs to be added, for the benefit of future historians, the fact that since Sampson's coming, bicycles leave this office with all their wheels, playing cards have once more their full complement of pips, and the traffic directions on ludo boards are again plainly visible to the naked eye.

Sampson saved the situation.

When interviewed by your special correspondent and asked for a statement to the Submarine Service to be printed in this birthday number, Sampson said, "Miauw."

Which, being interpreted, can only mean, "Think nothing of it, pal. I'm only doing my duty as a patriotic British cat."

But wait. There is one more thing. Sampson would certainly like to hear from some of the ship's cats in submarines.

There's that "Snoopy" from "Tally Ho," who was going to look him up when she came to London. No signs of her yet. We suppose she couldn't get past Billingsgate!

BUCK RYAN

